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THE
GOUPIL GALLERY
OF
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FROM GREAT MODERN PAINTERS

WITH
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THE LITTLE CHICKWEED-SELLER.



ERNAUD PELEZ, born at Paris, pupil of MM. Cabanel and F. Barrias, contributed to the Salon of 1879 two pictures from Roman history and Roman customs, one of which, the strangling of the Emperor Commodus in his bath by a "vigorous athlete," excited much attention. To-day he is in full nineteenth century, and in the life of the streets has turned out of his atelier emperors, athletes, and young Roman maidens bathing, and invited in the first barefooted, ragged *gamin* that came along. Humanity wearies of grand emotions, and turns with a sigh of relief from Arcadia to beer—and M. Pelez has been reading M. Bigot. "If we search we shall find that the scenes in which the *grand peintre* of our time has best succeeded, which the artists are the most capable of expressing and the public of comprehending, are those of contemporary life. As it is in these scenes that the reality itself is under our eyes, and each one can verify it for himself, the painter who undertakes this class of subjects is obliged to forget the



THE LITTLE CHICKWEED SELLER.

THE LITTLE CHICK-WEED SELLER.

rules of the schools, his acquired rhetoric, and to study Nature herself. It is from this study that issues all true and original Art. It has been too much the custom to despise every-day life and modern costumes; beauty and poetry may be found everywhere in the life of ordinary humanity if there is an artist or a poet to discover it. It is in the human life around us that the French Art of the nineteenth century should find its texts; it is there that it should constantly seek its inspirations, if it does not wish to fall into conventionalities, mannerisms, and imitations. Hence, I have an especial pleasure in signalizing those works this year, which treat of the themes of to-day. We have only one wish to make: it is that each year the number of these good patriots increase; the encouragement of the public will not fail them. That which Italy was for the Venetians and the Florentines of the Renaissance, that which Holland was for the Dutchmen of the seventeenth century, France should be for the French. We have imitated others too long; it only remains for us to discover our own country, more beautiful than any other in the world.





THE STUDIO.



JOSEPH-ÉDOUARD DANTAN, born at Paris, pupil of Pils and of M. H. Lehman, comes of an artistic family. His father and his uncle — Antoine-Laurent (Dantan *ainé*), and Jean-Pierre — held a high rank among French sculptors at the beginning of the present century. The first was born at St. Cloud—where our painter now has one of his ateliers—in 1798, and the other at Paris in 1800; both were pupils of Bosio, and Chevaliers of the Legion of Honor. The elder brother took the grand prize of the *École des Beaux-Arts* in 1828, the subject being the “Death of Hercules;” and in 1868 he exhibited at the Salon the “Drunkenness of Silenus,” bas-relief in marble, and most probably the same composition on which the sculptor now chisels in the picture before us. M. Dantan, *peintre*, evidently cherishes a filial regard for his distinguished ancestor, for at the Salon of 1872 he exhibited a portrait of M. D——, who might well have been the



Photographie Geyd & Co.

Print per Dauten

THE STUDIO

THE STUDIO.

elder artist himself. The picture represented a sculptor, upright, robust, with a full gray beard flowing on his chest, hard at work with chisel and mallet, while the dust of the marble lodged a fine white powder in the folds of his coat. So that an atelier of sculpture, such as he has here represented, was probably our painter's first playground, and so admirable a canvas has he produced of this most technically difficult situation that the jury of the Salon awarded him a second class medal, and his picture was bought by the Government, being claimed by M. Etienne Arago, *conservateur* of the Luxembourg Museum, for his galleries. The palette of M. Dantan, always a little cold, adapts itself excellently to this most perplexing study of whites and grays, and in the glowing figure of the half-draped model in the foreground it suddenly warms itself into the most surprising *vraisemblance* to Nature. The dark figure of the sturdy little sculptor relieves itself against the whiteness of his marble block with a vividness that is quite astonishing, and the much more difficult problem of rendering the motion of his hands and tools is solved with an equal skill.





ON THE BANKS OF THE STREAM.



ENRI LEROLLE, born at Paris, Pupil of Lamothe, won his reputation by two pictures, possibly by one only. In the Salon of 1879 he exhibited a "Jacob in the house of Laban," simple and large figures set in a grand landscape, and in that of 1880, "In the Country"—"a painting which seemed made out of nothing, truly a grand work, superb in its very simplicity." In the middle background a row of large tree-trunks, admirably disposed; in the foreground a shepherdess swinging nonchalantly along, holding in her hand some herbage at which a sheep nibbles, following her step by step. In the distance, mistily seen between the tree-trunks, a peasant plowing with two oxen, one of which is white. The draped figure of the woman, simple and noble, was worthy of the antique, and the whole scene was enveloped in the softest, serenest, grayest light, and full of air and space. This year the painter has returned to the same subject, shifting his scene a little. His shepherdess



Point par Lovell

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ON THE BANKS OF THE STREAM

ON THE BANKS OF THE STREAM.

has a companion who carries a baby, while she herself, leaning forward under the weight of the sack thrown over her shoulder, babbles to the infant and provokes its baby smile. In the background the plowman has unyoked his oxen and watches them at the foot of two mighty trees worthy of the groves of California. The figures in the foreground preserve their simple and almost ideal character; everything in the picture is vaguely indicated, without contour or relief, but the subtle influence of the composition makes itself felt by the most obdurate, and there are but few spectators who will not feel something in their souls respond to the charm of this agrestic poem. The effect, simple, soft, and grave, of the gravity natural to rustic scenes is worthy of Millet, from whom, indeed, M. Lerolle may be said to have derived his inspiration. If a fault may be found with his work it is in a certain want of appropriateness in his execution, which probably comes, through M. Lamothe, his master, from M. Ingres. The soil is not quite solid enough, not quite as Millet would have painted it.





BLANCHE BARETTA.



MLLE. LOUISE ABBEMA, born at Étampes (Seine-et-Oise), pupil of three most distinguished painters, MM. Chaplin, Henner, and Carolus-Duran, sent to the Salon of 1880 two charming portraits. One of them, called the "Amazon," is of a lady in a riding habit; the other, which we reproduce, is of Mlle. Blanche Baretta, *Sociétaire de la Comédie Française*, and of the latter we have seen an excellent design by the fair artist, superior, perhaps, to the painting itself. The graceful young actress, smiling, handsome, beautifully dressed, is painted with great care and fineness of execution, and her pose is simple and feminine, but the drawing of the arms is not altogether satisfactory. In the section of *Gravure*, Mlle. Abbema exposes five engravings from her designs for the *croquis contemporains*: portraits of M. Ch. Garnier, M. Ch. Chaplin, Mlle. Sara Bernhardt, M. Paul Mantz, and M. Carolus-Duran, all of which show the same graceful and careful touch. The



Peint par M^{lle} Louise Abbéma

Photographe Goupil & C^{ie}

BLANCHE BARETTA.
Secrétaire de la Comédie Française.

BLANCHE BARETTA.

Gazette des Beaux-Arts, in its notice of the portraits at the Salon of 1880, said: "If, leaving aside the men of politics, of whom the lineaments, however worthy they may be, are not always the most prepossessing, we consider the portraits of the Salon honestly according to their value—that is to say, for the pleasure they give our eyes and the gratification of our taste—we shall find this year a series of portraits full of art and of charm, and which certainly will do nothing to diminish the just renown which the French school has always maintained in this difficult specialty. It would seem that the conception and the execution of a woman's portrait is by no means a simple affair; that it requires not only the qualities of a painter, but plenty of science, a great deal of experience, and a rare surety of judgment, for it may be noticed that our best portrait painters come from the ranks of our best painters of history." Mlle. Abbema has not painted much more "history" than her celebrated master, Carolus-Duran, but her portraits none the less betray excellent qualities.





CATTLE OF SEURETTE.



HIS simple and rustic composition of M. Barillot's has all the charm of truthfulness; two cows and a calf issue from the narrow stable-door, the farmer's wife brings them some freshly cut grass in her apron, and the little ox thrusts his greedy muzzle into the fragrant provender. The animals are well and solidly painted, and the background is not sacrificed. In his second contribution, "Herd Crossing a Pool in the Dombes (Ain)," the painter shows the same good qualities, though his color is a little gray. In the Salon of 1880 his pictures obtained great success, and his canvases this year, though somewhat smaller, seem equally worthy. The faithfulness with which he translates his landscapes is not the least of his merits; it is indeed the low-lying lands and the stagnant waters of the Dombes which he brings before our eyes. This is the fifth or sixth time that M. Barillot has appeared at the annual Salon, and the record of his life is not unlike that of many others of his successful brethren. His father was a manu-



Printed by D. B. Smith

L. J. Smith

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CATTLE OF SEURETTE

CATTLE OF SEURETTE.

facturer of wall papers, and naturally desired his son to succeed him in his business; on the completion of his education he was to enter the paternal warehouses. But the young man had other hopes: hours stolen from his commercial pursuits were devoted to surreptitious sketching, and the final breaking away from the family pursuits could not long be delayed. Even the pleasant Lorraine horizons of his native town, Montigny-les-Metz, could not longer confine him, and full of hope and of inexperience he fled at once toward Paris and Art. In the ateliers of MM. Bonnat and Cathelineau he acquired the first rudiments of his new education, but he soon took to the woods and fields for his natural and proper studio, and in Normandy, Brittany, and Holland, in Auvergne and Lorraine, he filled his canvases, his eyes and his soul with those vivid transcripts of Nature which have won him his prosperity. At the Salon of 1880 he obtained his first medal with a painting bought by the Government. "The Ponds of Saint-Paul de Vorax," a smiling landscape dotted with animals, in the department of the Ain.





CONVENT SCENE IN VENICE.



HE painter of this pretty scene, Eugène, Chevalier de Blaas, is a German in spite of his southern birth-place and his graceful and amusing design. Born at Albano, near Rome, in 1843, he is a member of the Academy of Venice, where he was a pupil of his father, Karl ; studied in Vienna where he obtained a prize ; and has travelled extensively in England and on the Continent. One of his best works, "An Evening in Murano," painted in 1870, is in the Belvedere Gallery, Vienna, and in 1863 he painted an altar-piece for the chapel of St. Valentine at Obermais, near Meran. In his single exhibit of this year he has all but invented a brand-new "subject" — which is a feat not to be despised in this latter day. It is visitor's day in this aristocratic convent school of the eighteenth century ; the handsome renaissance parlor is filled with the gentle *fillettes* all in virginal white, with their attentive minds divided between the direful drama of Punchinello and the grave greetings of friends through the



Photographie Goupil & Co

Peint par de Blane

CONVENT SCENE. IN VENICE

CONVENT SCENE IN VENICE.

convent grating. Of the latter, fortunately, there are not many just at present; two taller girls and a little one show us the backs of their graceful heads while they talk to father and nurse, but the interest of all the others, seated in shining rows, centres in the immortal controversy between Punch and the last of all his antagonists, the Devil, disguised as a "lovely female." The lesser maids are seated near the centre, where they will be more under the eye of the grave Sisters, and, indeed, one of these little ones, quite carried away by her enjoyment of the duel, clasps her hands and laughs delightedly, unmindful of the admonishing hand laid on her shoulder. The elders, graver, watch with serene faces; the two tallest, on the extreme right, almost ready to issue completed from the institution, look on with a certain haughty indifference to such childish toys. All of these most gentle demoiselles are carefully distinguished from each other; each one has her own individuality quite clearly marked, and they are all charmingly amusing and feminine with their soft draperies, their little arms, and their silken hair tressed up from the pretty napes of their necks.





THE RETRIEVER.



NE of the most eminent French painters of still-life, flowers, and animals since Chardin, is Philippe Rousseau, *Hors Concours*, who was born at Paris about 1808. He was a pupil of Gros and of Victor Berlin: received a third-class medal in 1845, a first in 1843, and a second in 1855. Decorated in 1852, he has been Officer of the Legion of Honor since 1870. In 1873, M. Jules Claretie, in a review of the Salon of that year, said: "A fruit painted by Ph. Rousseau, and a fish painted by Vollou, are nature herself." One of the painter's best known pictures, exposed soon after the German war, was a brilliant canvas, "The Pigeons of the Republic;" a fluttering group of these birds enclosed in a sealed willow cage and adorned with tri-colored ribbons—the famous carrier-pigeons of the siege of Paris. And this handsome spaniel, bringing in the dead game, with his intelligent eye watching his master, is painted with the brilliancy and accuracy with which Gérôme would



Paint par Bonacini

Photographie Goupil & Co

THE RETRIEVER.

THE RETRIEVER.

have made a study of a gladiator. At the Salon of 1872 M. Rousseau exposed a study of fruit, called "*Confitures*," before which the critics made ovation. Said one of them: "It is a spectacle which any one of us can have in the corner of a kitchen in the autumn, but of this M. Rousseau has made a master-piece, *une chose achevé*. His ancient still-lives, his flowers and fruits, his clever and accurate studies of animals, his photographic monkeys and his 'rats retired from the world,' his storks taking their siesta—everything that he has done is surpassed by these '*confitures*.' They are prodigious, these plums, and not at all in marble or wax, but in flesh, with stones inside them—jucy, luminous, appetizing, sugared, with drops of gum like drops of dew. One of them, caught between the dish and its lid, is postively about to be crushed. It flattens itself visibly. One is actually moved to put out one's hand and save it." It is said that Greuze entering one day the Salon of 1863 in which Chardin exposed a painting of some fruits, a Seville orange and a knife, stood a long time contemplating the picture, and when he turned away drew a long sigh, despairing of ever being able to paint as well.





WAITING.



LYSSE BUTIN, whose portrait by Duez was one of the successes of the Salon of 1880, was born at Saint-Quentin (Aisne), May 15, 1838, and was not precisely dedicated to the life of an artist.

At the age of fifteen, having finished his education in the primary schools of his native town, he entered, in a subordinate position, the civil service of the State, but at the end of a year we find him transferred to the counting-house of one of the largest commercial establishments of Saint-Quentin, where he remained till his twentieth birthday. All his hours of leisure, from six to eight o'clock in the morning and from eight to ten in the evening, he devoted to the school of design founded by the pastellist Latour, in which M. Lemasle, a pupil of David, was his first professor. In 1859 he had so well profited by these instructions that he was granted a *pension départementale* of three hundred francs, which at the end of two years was augmented to four hundred. In his twentieth year he went to Paris, where he



Print par W. G. B. Co.

Photographie Goupil & Co.

WAITING.

WAITING.

divided his time between the School of the Beaux-Arts and the sales of salted provisions and early vegetables for the benefit of his employers, eking out his scanty income by his pension and by the assistance of M. Léopold Fervuelle, who had encouraged him from his first essays in the thorny paths of Art. Said the artist in after years to his biographer; "If you insist upon writing something about me, I desire very much to see the name of my protector in the article. It is to him that I owe what I know of Art." Encouraged by his success at the *École* he entered the atelier of Picot, and for a while dreamed of competing for the *prix de Rome*. At the age of twenty-five he was appointed Professor of Design in the municipal schools of Paris, a post which he filled for fourteen years. His vacations he passed on the Normandy coast, where, under the vigorous instruction of Pils, he first developed his passion for Nature herself as a subject, and for those hardy sailors and fishermen whom he now so faithfully interprets on his canvases filled with the salt breath of the sea.





MORNING EFFECT, LAKE AT MORTEFONTAINE.

THE painter of this charming landscape, his only contribution to the Salon of 1881, was born at Bordeaux, and was a pupil of MM. E. Isabey and Luminais. For his exhibit of the previous year, "The Seine at Saint-Denis," Paul-Emmanuel Péraire, received a third-class medal. Before this fresh and shining scene, painted in the very halo of the morning, it is difficult to believe in the hopeless decline of French landscape art. "*Le paysage* is dying, I tell you—*le paysage* is dead. Where are, at the Salon of 1881, the successors of Diaz, of Corot, of Theodore Rousseau, of Troyon of Jules Dupré, of Courbet, of Daubigny? Among the landscape men of this year, there are some who brush in great canvases of decoration and think they are in the way of grand art because they present us with big pictures; and there are others who paint landscapes *de chic*. Where are those who really see Nature?" And having thus had his fling at his compatriots of the palette, this Jeremiah



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MORNING EFFECT, LAKE AT MORTEFONTAINE.

MORNING EFFECT, LAKE AT MORTEFONTAINE.

of the Boulevards proceeds to answer his own deprecatory question by a very respectable list of painters who are still able to "see Nature," and, moreover, to paint her--heading his list very justly with M. Péraire, whose background, he affirms, "full of air, is as fresh and charming as a theme as it is justly and truly rendered. Verily, beyond doubt this is indeed the morning." One swallow alone may not serve to abolish the winter, but one painter who can truly paint "the morning" is enough to save a whole school from despair. M. Péraire, as he has chosen the most difficult and inspiring of themes, has rendered it faithfully and honestly, without any tricks or straining after effect, and with an inspiration that must have come to him from the very gates of the sun. The dew is in his grass, his air is full of the freshness and promise of the coming day, his light is like silver, the breeze of the morning itself stirs through his trees. There is hope not only for the painter, but for his art and his nation, when such simple-minded royalty to Nature is united with such trained and civilized skill, and when both are so justly appreciated by the *flâneurs* of the cafés and the salons.





ANACREON, BACCHUS AND CUPID.



THE poet of Teos has more than once inspired M. Gérôme, and so far back as 1848 it was his exposition of "Anacreon making Bacchus and Love dance," that first rallied around him that little group of rising young painters afterward known as the "Neo-Greeks." Of this particular picture Gérôme says in his notes: "A painting dry and disconnected, but of which the style and the invention were not bad." At the Universal Exhibition of 1878 the poet, with his two little divinities, appeared in the department of sculpture under the painter's name; and in the Salon of 1881, in the "grande place d'honneur" before the buffet, they rose again in marble. The old singer, bearded after the antique, draped in his long robe of priest of Venus, his lyre slung on his back, and marching slowly, carries in his arms a little Bacchus and a little Cupid, the two small but mighty deities to whose worship his life was given and in whose honor his songs were raised. The smile with which he regards them is full of tenderness and



Sculpté par J. L. Gerôme

Photogravure Goussier & Co

ANACREON. BACCHUS AND CUPID.

ANACREON, BACCHUS, AND CUPID.

malice: the little god of the the vine, full of libations, droops in soft slumber and is on the point of dropping the cup in his hand; but Cupid, never sleepy, looks at Anacreon waggishly, and plays with his flaky bead. It is a strophe of the anthology. The bodies of the babies are modelled delicately, and their heads express charmingly their respective characters. It is impossible to look on the group without a smile on the lips. The original character of the artist's mind has never betrayed itself more strongly in any of his works than in this one, and possibly a little to the detriment of its artistic unity. His preëccupation with the picturesque, with the translation of a complex idea, philosophical, satirical, and poetic all at once, has perhaps interfered with the sensual and outward form and grace of his plastic group. But it is impossible for the critic to refuse his admiration to such an exceedingly clever *literary* idea; and the group was awarded a first medal by the Salon jury. Gérôme was a pupil of Paul Delaroche, and was born at Vesoul.





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